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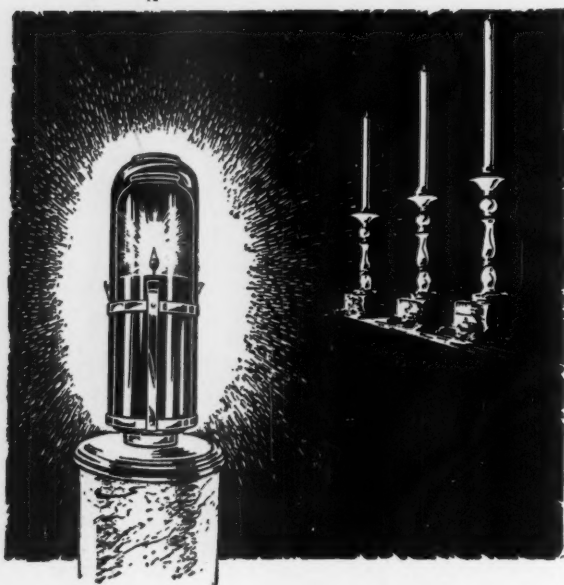


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America

National Catholic Weekly Review

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This Week:

Venice: The Incomparable	421
George H. Dunne	
Word From God	423
C. Kenneth Johnston, S.J.	
All the World's a Circus	425
Franz Schneider	

Edited and published by the following
Jesuit Fathers of the United States and Canada:

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Managing Editor: EUGENE K. CULHANE

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Latin America:

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VICENTE ANDRADE

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FELIPE MACGREGOR

Editorial Rooms: 329 W. 108TH ST., NEW YORK 25, N. Y.

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DEC 20 1960

Correspondence

Protestant Testimony

EDITOR: Your Dec. 3rd issue has warmed my heart. While there is much in Roman Catholic theological and moral thought that I find disturbing, your editorial comment (p. 335) on the animalistic philosophy of Dr. Koch is to be commended. To such views as yours I add my Pentecostal "Amen!"

(REV.) RICHARD E. JESSUP
Pastor

First Assembly of God Church
Atascadero, Calif.

Fun In Earnest?

EDITOR: As one of those people who write letters to the editor, may I publicly commend Clayton C. Barbeau on what might well be remembered as one of his better epigrams? It was so meaningful and such fun when he led off his third paragraph in "The Plight of the Beat" (11/12) with this dead-pan statement of fact: "Whatever else might be said of the 'beats,' it must be admitted that they are revolting. . . ."

LAWRENCE WASHBURN
New York, N.Y.

Worthy Cause

EDITOR: With pleasure I noted your informative editorial comment (AM. 11/12, p. 200) on the *New Catholic Encyclopedia*. May I, in the interests of our important work, thank you for this encouraging word of publicity.

(MSCR.) WILLIAM J. McDONALD
Editor-in-Chief

New Catholic Encyclopedia

Catholic University of America
Washington, D.C.

President at Mass

EDITOR: In your editorial "Privacy and Presidents" (AM. 12/10) you ask: "Will the press go on hounding him [President-elect Kennedy] Sunday after Sunday, or will the novelty of a President going to Mass gradually wear off?"

I think it will wear off. Reporters are not likely to hound the next President because there really won't be much to write about when he goes to Mass. What is said from the pulpit will not, from their standpoint, be newsworthy because it will deal largely with what happened 2,000 years ago. They are not likely to hear much about

nuclear testing, summit conferences, etc. And I can't see them rushing to their typewriters after hearing a sermon based on the Good Samaritan.

The news photographers will surely have a problem that in the end will bring discouragement. They will notice that President Kennedy will move in and out of church like any other worshiper. (I think you are wrong in assuming that he will have a special pew; I don't think he will want one.) And the photographers very likely will be deprived of their favorite church "shot"—that is, the spectacle, familiar in this and other Administrations, of the pastor shaking hands with the President at the front door after the services.

Although Senator Kennedy, as President, will be in the parish of St. Matthew's Cathedral, it is likely that he will go to a different church every Sunday and holy day. There will be no advance announcement as to place and time, so that crowds are not likely to be a problem. If this doesn't work, he can always, of course, go to Mass at a nearby Army, Navy or Air Force base.

I would guess that, as time goes on, not more than three or four reporters and photographers, representing principally the Associated Press and United Press International, will "cover" the next President when he leaves the White House to assist at Mass.

You ask at the end: "Why not just leave him alone on Sunday? Reporters might simply take the day off—and even go to church themselves."

Answering the first part of that, I would say you would have to take it up with other editors. As for the second part, reporters do go to church. Some of them over the years have gone to church twice on Sunday—first to Mass and then to Baptist services with President Truman and more recently to Presbyterian services with President Eisenhower.

These particular reporters—I mean the two-service fellows—got a break on Nov. 8. And that is so even if they were Republicans.

EDWARD T. FOLLIARD
White House Reporter
Washington Post

Washington, D.C.

Momentary Surcease

EDITOR: After receiving a gift subscription about a year ago, I was accustomed to go through each issue as thoroughly as time permitted. When I reached Fr. Vincent P.

McCorry's *The Word*, I was "read out" and usually perused it hastily and perfunctorily. But one day I read his column with care and attention. I have done so ever since.

May I venture a mild criticism? Why does it appear as the last contributed column? That it thus stands as the last word may be appropriate, but should it not have a more advantageous position in your layout—perhaps after the Current Comment? After the unavoidably dissonant tone of the bulk of reading matter dealing with worldly affairs, *The Word* seems to me to impart a healing grace, a momentary surcease from earthly cares and jars.

HOWARD TALLEY

Associate Professor of Music
University of Chicago
Chicago, Ill.

Prayer for Americans

EDITOR: Amid the general rejoicing on Thanksgiving Day I could not suppress the sad realization that the Church's liturgy in America makes no mention of a celebration that certainly expresses a Catholic thought, whatever be its origin. Veterans Day, the Fourth of July, Election Day (what an opportunity for a votive mass of the Holy Spirit!) all go by unnoticed.

FRANK R. HAIG, S.J.

Woodstock College
Woodstock, Md.

China's Communes

EDITOR: You have done a public service in publishing Paul K. T. Sih's "China's Ant-Hill Society" (12/3). The commune system stands diametrically opposed to the traditional Chinese way of life. Old friends in Hong Kong have recently confirmed for me the shocking details reported in Dr. Sih's article.

FRANCIS SHIH-HAO SHIEH

Immaculate Heart College
Los Angeles, Calif.

No Amen

EDITOR: Some views in your Nov. 26 editorial "Amen, Brother!" are advanced without proof. You state that since a Catholic was elected President, the day will come when a Jew or Negro will move unquestioned and unimpeded to the highest office, and that the religious issue has been resolved. I suggest, in the first place, that no man will ever advance to the Presidency unquestioned and unimpeded. In the second place, the religious issue is far from being resolved—if Senator Kennedy fails, the problem will be greater than ever.

ERNEST L. VAGEDES

Xavier University
Cincinnati, Ohio

Current Comment

On Having Everything

That little affluent-society quip about "the man who has everything," now dulled and become tiresome through endless repetition in one Christmas gift advertisement after another, may serve a useful purpose after all. Perhaps it can remind us, as we read it over and over again in shop windows and in newspapers, of what Fr. Vincent P. McCorry says this week in his column *The Word*. There (p. 432) our eloquent collaborator suggests how, at the deepest level of our being, we are in reality men who have nothing.

Of and in ourselves, we are puny and poor and pitifully unworthy. Whatever might or means or meaning we possess comes to us from the infinite and overwhelming reality of the God to whose friendship we aspire.

Yet this Limitless Being, our creator and sustainer, has willed so to love us and value us as to join our race and share with us the penury and the weakness of our human estate.

Thus, by a stupendous paradox that baffles our imagination, and by a supreme mystery that upsets all the calculations of reason, we who have nothing are suddenly enriched. This is the ageless meaning of Christmas. These are the tidings of great joy brought by the angels to all the peoples of the earth.

Until he kneels at the crib of the Christ Child in total humility and stunned realization, there is no such man as the man who has everything.

Hoffa's Sun Valley

This was to have been the year when James Riddle Hoffa surmounted all his difficulties and, with the blessing of the courts, came into his inheritance. Instead, as 1960 ended, Hoffa was still seeking the elusive security which only a court-approved election to the Teamster presidency can give him.

He may yet be seeking it a long time. On Dec. 7—along with a union buddy, Henry Lower, and a former branch manager of a Detroit bank, Robert E.

McCarthy Jr.—Hoffa was indicted by a Federal grand jury in Orlando, Fla., for misusing over a half-million dollars of union funds. The money allegedly greased the way for launching Sun Valley, a pretentious housing development in Florida. For boldness and imagination, that project ranks with some of the more enterprising get-rich-quick schemes of our day. The trouble with it, according to the grand jury, was that the promoters based their sales pitch, aimed at Teamster members, on false pretenses and promises. The government claims that this brought them into conflict with sundry provisions of the law making it a crime to use the mails, or the telephone, to defraud.

As past experience warns, it is much too early to count Mr. Hoffa and his resourceful lawyers out. In previous jousts with the law, the Teamster leader has emerged unscathed. The case is not calculated, however, to endear Hoffa to rank-and-file Teamsters, an unknown number of whom have watched their investments in Sun Valley go down the drain.

Citizens for Decent Literature

A major organization in the fight against the pornography racket is Citizens for Decent Literature (3701 Carew Tower, Cincinnati 2, Ohio).

CDL Counsel Charles H. Keating Jr. is an authority in the field of anti-obscenity law. He urges all citizens to take action on the following points in the next six months.

Watch the 1961 sessions of the State Legislatures. They must not exclude from prosecution printed material with second-class mail permits. The U.S. Postmaster General has unequivocally said that a second-class permit is no assurance that the material bearing it is not obscene.

Nor should Legislatures pass the "Anti-Obscenity Statute" proposed by the Council of Periodical Distributors. Mr. Keating describes this "model law" as a sham and a fraud. It would destroy effective laws already on the statute books and replace them with a weak

law under which smut-peddling would be no more than a civil offense.

CDL has its own model law. Carefully drawn with an eye to constitutionality, this law has teeth which publishers and distributors will respect. It is too long to be reproduced here, but copies may be obtained from CDL on request.

Finally, citizens should write urging President-elect Kennedy, their Senators and Congressmen to enact S. 3736. This bill would create a Presidential Commission on Noxious and Obscene Materials.

Suicide Takes a Holiday

Fall and winter holidays in the United States—the season between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day—mean for most people the peak of warm human feeling and a solid enjoyment of family ties. Yet, paradoxically, the same six weeks often witness sharp spurts in the frequency with which unhappy souls take the tragic leap of divorcing themselves from the society of men. Suicide, too, prefers holidays.

We know that 17,000 Americans each year snuff out by their own hands the brief candles which lighted their hours on the stage of history. Yet expert students of the human mind, body or spirit have not been able to tell us why men take their own lives.

Fortunately, we don't have to wait for this answer in order to prevent such tragic finales to already pitiful life stories. In case after case, experience shows, the potential suicide stands ready to respond to words of encouragement or of love even from a stranger. The tragedy is that such words so often come only minutes too late.

In Boston, for two years now, Rescue, Inc., a nonsectarian organization headed by Fr. Kenneth B. Murphy, has existed precisely to see that this help arrives on time. More than 1,200 cases came to the group's attention in its first year of operation alone. Around the clock, Fr. Murphy and a staff of clergymen and psychiatrists stand ready to move fast in extending the hand of spiritual or medical aid to those who teeter on the brink of despair.

No one can know for certain how many suicides, men and women, old and young, would have grasped the hand of a loving stranger and chosen to face life again. We do know, however, that more

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than twice as many Americans commit suicide as meet death at the violent hands of another. Whatever the percentage of success, then, the work of Rescue, Inc., and similar merciful agencies remains cut out for them.

Bufano's St. Francis

Many artistic souls in San Francisco are distressed that Bennie Bufano's monumental statue of St. Francis of Assisi, now standing in front of the Church of St. Francis, is slated for removal. The alleged reason for taking it away is that the figure's immense weight is endangering the church's front steps. If that really is the case, it should settle the controversy as to the statue's suitability in this particular location. But it leaves open the question as to the homeless figure's future site. Many love the statue; some don't. But it would be sad if its destiny were a junk heap.

Feelings all round might be soothed if we kept in mind that a sculpture, like a painting or any other recognized art form, may fulfill an admirable function as a piece of religious art, in the broad sense, even though it be quite unsuitable for the immediate, liturgical and sacramental service of the Church. By its very boldness and originality and stark simplicity it can perform a powerful function of arresting the attention of the man in the street, the guest in the harbor or airport, the visitor to a public center.

For this reason there is an appeal to the proposal made recently by the San Francisco *News-Call Bulletin* to set up the statue in some such commanding spot as Land's End—overlooking the Pacific—or Mt. Olympus, or the campus of the University of San Francisco, or the Civic Center Plaza, or the Marina Green just inside the Golden Gate. There St. Francis would extend his robed arms to the multitudes around the city of his name. Our guess is that the saint himself would like just that.

Big Sports, Big Business

A clutch of sport stories recently stirred us to reflect on the state of big-time college athletics.

►On Dec. 9, Marquette University dropped intercollegiate football. In the judgment of its president, Fr. Edward

J. O'Donnell, S.J., the school could no longer justify incurring large annual football deficits. (This year's will probably reach \$50,000.) But Coach Lisle Blackburn quickly denounced the move as the "worst" that could have been made, and protesting students blocked traffic on Milwaukee's Wisconsin Ave. with their demonstration.

►The same day, in New York, the Eastern College Athletic Conference voted down a proposal to put a four-year limit on a player's eligibility. Thus any college remains free to prolong a student's academic career in order to make the most of his specialized athletic skills. No need to worry, in other words, about finding yourself loaded with three first-rate quarterbacks in the same season. Simply store one of them in an academic deepfreeze for defrosting at a more opportune moment.

►One day later, some frank talk came from no less a group than *Look* magazine's nominees for its 1960 all-American football team. One after another, the stars confided to a reporter their impressions of college ball as a business proposition.

"We draw 80,000 into the stadium every Saturday," one end declared, "and we should get at least \$30 a month for toothpaste and clean shirts." Another urged the equivalent of incentive pay in bidding for "more money . . . if you're on the first or second team."

What is the impact of big-time college athletics on students caught up in this "system"? As of now, many outsiders must incline to the view of *Look's* staff member: "I'm amazed that more kids are not ruined by all this."

Pooh in Latin

Two Winnies are in the news—or, rather, one has recently been and the other ought to be. Sir Winston Churchill has just celebrated his 86th birthday; that was in the news. And *Winnie-the-Pooh* has appeared in Latin dress as *Winnie Ille Pu*.

A. A. Milne's immortal bear and his little master, Christopher Robin, together with their animal pals, Kanga, Wol, Eeyore and the rest, have been delighting the hearts of children (and of oldsters, too) for lo! these many years. Now they do that in a new dimension—in

the tongue of Cicero—and even staid Tully himself would get many a chuckle out of the delicious whimsy.

A genial Englishman, Alexander Lenard—he must be genial to have given us this delightful treat—keeps the flavor of the children's classic in his by no means doggerel Latin. Here, for example, is Pooh's song, "Cottleston Pie":

Crustulum, crustulum, crustulum
cru
Volitant aves, dic volitas tu?
Crustulum, crustulum, crustulum
cru
Cerebrum meum est fatiga-tum.

And when, at the end of one of their adventures, Christopher Robin exclaims: "Oh Bear, how I do love you!" and Pooh replies, "So do I," the Latin runs: "O urse, quam ex animo te diligo!" "Ego met quoque te," dixit Pu."

It's all wonderful fun and E. P. Dutton & Company deserves a hearty bravo for having published this gem (\$3) on our side of the water. It not only provides some really civilized fun in a glum world; it also shows how a dead language can be taught if you want to make it live again.

Campus Initiative

Journalistic pundits, it has been argued, trace their ancestry back to the prophets of Israel. Hence their inclination to dwell on the failings of mankind, particularly of the young. On occasion, however, positive achievements—even on college campuses—may deserve press notice.

One such is a drive begun by the students at small (300 enrollment), coeducational Benedictine Heights College, Tulsa, Okla. A few weeks ago, Most Rev. Victor J. Reed, Bishop of Oklahoma City-Tulsa, and the Benedictine nuns who conduct the school reluctantly decided to suspend classes at the end of the current school year.

For two years these officials had wrestled with mounting financial problems. Now they judge that only the drastic step of closing the college lies open to them. But the students refuse to admit that all is lost. They have undertaken the seemingly impossible task of raising funds in the Tulsa community and around the country to keep their college in operation. The willingness of this dedicated band to fight for a cause they believe in should keep alive public con-

fidence in the vision and courage of at least some collegians.

A vote of approval must go also to the intrepid and alert officers of the National Federation of Catholic College Students. Through their efforts and with the aid of a distinguished advisory panel of Catholic, Protestant and Jewish scholars, local NFCCS units on Catholic campuses across the land have embarked on a specially significant study program. The year's theme for discussion by stu-

Still More Readers

As this final issue of the year 1960 goes to press in the midst of a blizzard, we happily report that another sort of blizzard—of new subscribers—brings AMERICA's circulation chart to the record high of 62,918.

dent-faculty groups is "An Understanding of Our Time: Catholic Responsibility in a Pluralistic Society."

Here are some samples of initiative that surely merit applause from oldsters in the Catholic press and elsewhere. They may, in fact, keep some from giving in to the temptation to write off evidence of enterprise or critical judgment on the part of their juniors as brash effrontery, bad taste or, even, disloyalty.

Iron Curtain Reality

Once in a while we should remind ourselves that the Iron Curtain is more than a rugged political metaphor; it is a grim reality.

The most recent reminder that the Iron Curtain is a physical barrier came in a United Press International release from Vienna on Dec. 10.

The Iron Curtain runs across the map of Europe for hundreds of miles. For the most part it is a No Man's Land, about a quarter of a mile wide, which forms a zone of avoidance wherever the Communist satellite nations touch the West. It consists of two lines of barbed wire between which armed patrols operate constantly. The control strip is flanked by watch-towers on one side and by mine fields on the other. Many of the deadly areas were sown in 1957 with improved mines, deftly concealed, which explode under as little as six pounds' pressure.

Moreover, everyone who lives less than 12 miles inside the Iron Curtain is

required to carry a pass that must be renewed every three months and presented to the local police chief once a month.

Naturally, the Iron Curtain prevents Western interlopers from violating the sanctuary of the "peoples' democracies." But the prime purpose of the barrier is to prevent the satellite populations of the USSR from staging a mass exodus to the West. If it were not for the Iron Curtain, East Europe would soon become depopulated. West Berlin, where the Curtain does not function, and through which three million escapees have fled East Germany in recent years, exemplifies the risk of suffering a chink to exist in the Iron Curtain.

Enterprising people sometimes manage to go west through the Curtain. The best way is to bribe a border guard. Failing that, if you are desperate enough, you can play "refugee roulette," that is, you can risk tripping off a mine or getting a slug in the back before you reach freedom.

Algerian Myths

If nothing else, the visit of French President Charles de Gaulle to tortured Algeria has succeeded in destroying two myths long nurtured by the European settlers there. One is that Algeria is a province of France. The other is that Algerian Muslims are French citizens who can be counted on to accept an Algeria integrated with France.

All this, the French Chief of State declared on Dec. 10, is pure fiction. In a remarkably frank address to French Army officers, President de Gaulle described the six-year-old Algerian revolt as part of a world-wide movement that already has affected French "Black Africa." It is useless, he went on, to pretend that Algeria "is a province of France like our Lorraine or like our Provence." What is happening there "is happening in a new world—a world that does not at all resemble the world I knew when I was young."

With this statement, President de Gaulle rallied Algeria's Muslims to his side. At the same time, he served notice on the European settlers that their hopes for an Algeria permanently ruled by France are futile. He matched his political realism with an extraordinary manifestation of courage that no one, even

the bitterest enemies of his program for Algeria, can fail to admire.

The real test for President de Gaulle's policy, however, is yet to come. In a referendum on Jan. 8, Algeria and metropolitan France will vote on that policy—specifically, on the immediate establishment of an internally autonomous government in this last of France's North African dependencies. Some 70 per cent of the French voters are expected to back the President. But will even that overwhelming vote convince Algeria's Europeans that their myths are dead?

Angry Canadians

In overhauling the nation's Good Neighbor policy, Senator Kennedy must begin by expanding his horizons. In addition to a bundle of troubles to the south of us, we have on our northern border an angry and resentful friend who is fairly clamoring for attention. His impatience has mounted to the point where he doesn't mind in the least kicking Uncle Sam's shins—and with pointed toes no less—to attract attention.

The strange goings-on in Ottawa the past fortnight allow of no other conclusion. It was bad enough that the Canadian Government would permit a Cuban delegation, led by Economics Minister Regino Boti, to visit the Dominion for the avowed purpose of smashing the U.S. embargo on exports to Castro. That the visitors, who want to boost Cuban-Canadian trade from \$15 million to \$150 million annually, were received with open arms and warm praise was much worse. "They're wonderful customers," gushed Federal Trade Minister George H. Hees, "and we are confident we can do more business with the Cubans. You can't do business with better businessmen anywhere."

How oddly out of character such uninhibited commercial flattery sounds. Are the Canadians merely piqued because, perhaps, President Eisenhower and Secretary Herter neglected to discuss the U.S. embargo with them? Or does Mr. Hees' outburst—which Prime Minister Diefenbaker has not repudiated—indicate more serious causes of resentment? Whatever the reason, it is a great pity that Senator Kennedy, who is inheriting enough grief already, must take the trouble at once to find out. Don't Canadians know that we prize no friendship above theirs?

Toys and Dolls

IF YOU ARE awakened on Christmas morning by a howling invasion of tiny space-men accoutered in crash helmets, armed eclectically with interplanetary and cowboy weapons, bolstered by robots in fighter jets—fear not. In all likelihood, the attackers are your own—or your neighbor's—brood.

Toys are like people. They mirror life. They are the child's fancied emulation of his elders, the projection of hopes, fears, aspirations. The oldest toys I have seen (age variously estimated from 15,000 to 40,000 years) were in the paleolithic caves of Dordogne. True, they were not called toys, and they doubtless were not *only* toys; but surely some of those Stone-Age dolls and figurines were meant *partly* as toys. Again in southern Mexico those prehistoric dolls, delightful baby idols that rattle, and playthings that use wheels (though serious technology never got around to the practical use of the wheel) are among the joys of the visitor. Every primitive museum shows the same happy story: people love toys.

A RECENT anthropological field trip to five of America's largest toy departments and interviews with countless salesgirls and buyers made a revealing assignment. Whatever the alarmists tell us, children, I found, seem to be children; and they seem to be children of our time. Their tastes tell us so.

Take the wheel. It has never ceased to entrance boys, and today wheel toys of all sorts are selling more than ever. While relatively few American children have ever been on a train, toy trains remain the Number One toy for boys (and their fathers). The Lionel Corporation display includes a whole world of trains: 500 feet of track with 7 complete trains operating. Back in 1937 Lionel, reflecting the era, stressed big train stations, construction cars and the novel streamlined train. In 1946 engines poured out real smoke, whistled and had electronic controls. Today trains carry missile-and rocket-launching cars.

We hear it said that too much is done for children nowadays and that the only modern children's disease is passivity. Yet this year the do-it-yourself type of toy is more popular than ever—three times as much as ten years ago, a buyer assured me. The new sensation is "Mr. Machine," a build-it-yourself toy designed for boys from 10 to 12, but popular with all ages down to 3 and even among girls! Apart from Poly-Rods (which make anything), there are the build-it-yourself Solar System and Geiger Counter (it works, too,

though I am not sure what it counts). Kits of all sorts provide diminutive laboratories, like the Bio-craft Kit with real biological specimens. Even girls are being attracted from dolls to science with tasteful pastel-colored kits.

We hear a great deal about educational toys; yet, in a true sense, every toy is educational. Coordination and manipulation are basic human skills that children learn through play. More professionally educational, however, are mental games, word games, flash cards, and the like; their sale, I was told, has doubled recently. And art has leaped forward: color forms, paint sets and paint-by-number sets have increased in popularity 500 per cent in 10 years.

The favorite toy of girls is, of course, the doll, and this has been so ever since modern industry first made dolls available for everyone, not only the rich few. This year, as Elena Nelson of the Toy Guidance Council notes, the switch is to bigness—not bigness as a status symbol, but in terms of reality. The big doll is a real companion, especially when it is 3 feet tall and wears 3-year-old clothes. "Baby Dear" is something new—built exactly like a month-old baby, with the natural color, feebleness and needs.

Difficult as it is to measure otherwise, the influence of television has made a strong impact on children's toy preferences. All the experts interviewed were emphatic about this. Much of the science-fiction interest came from TV programs and characters: Yogi Bears, Huckleberry Hound, Superman, Whirly Birds. A strong appeal to boys' sense of prestige was made by a recent TV commercial that said over and over: "Remember, boy, you are the boss when you own —!" Parents, take heed.

THE TOY MANUFACTURERS are conscientiously trying to produce toys that have an authentic "play" value, not just a "dollar" value. They work closely with the national Safety Council to produce safer and safer toys, despite growing complexity. Some 30 per cent of our national population is 15 years old or less—roughly one-third are in the toy-using age. This makes for a gigantic business. Last year the total retail product of American toys was \$1.6 billion; this year the increase will be at least 5 per cent.

Dolls and toys tell us much about the children that use them and the adults who gave them. Links between fact and fancy; mysterious, almost magic symbols of adventure and imagined conquests—they transport children, and adults too, beyond the humdrum ephemera of the commonplace.

FR. McNASPY is an assistant editor of AMERICA.

C. J. McNASPY

Washington Front

Peaceful Passage

AT THIS MIDWAY POINT between election and inauguration the transition from a Republican to a Democratic Administration is going much more smoothly than some earlier changeovers described by Laurin L. Henry in his recent book, *Presidential Transitions* (Brookings Institution).

President Eisenhower extended an offer of cooperation immediately after the election. He asked Senator Kennedy to come to the White House at his convenience and to appoint someone to represent him with the officials of the present Administration. Senator Kennedy accepted the offer, and appointed Clark Clifford as his representative with the Executive office. A month later he himself came to the White House for a three-and-a-half-hour conference with the President and his chief advisers. Reports of the meeting suggest that it had the same sobering effect on Senator Kennedy as a similar meeting with President Truman had had on President-elect Eisenhower in 1952. Apparently no one, however well informed, has any real conception of the awesome responsibilities of the nation's biggest job until his first full briefing by the incumbent and his top Cabinet leaders.

The lack of difficulties in preparing for the transfer of power is remarkable when one considers the closeness of the election—an election so close that some persons still feel that had the voting in a few States been

more scrupulously administered a different outcome was possible. The graciousness of the President in his invitations and of Senator Kennedy in his visit with Vice President Nixon may have been responsible for this apparent lack of rancor among the principals.

So far as we can tell, President Eisenhower has sent no messages to the President-elect such as he received from President Truman eight years ago. He has not questioned Senator Kennedy's good faith in any campaign promises. Further, he has not made any requests that Senator Kennedy endorse an Administration position as Presidents Hoover and Truman requested endorsements of various national and international programs in 1933 and 1953. Perhaps there are no urgent problems facing the present Administration—or perhaps President Eisenhower has thoughtfully refrained from asking support for White House projects from a man who will have a mandate to act after January 20, 1961, but who now has no constitutional authority to make policy.

In his announcements of appointments Senator Kennedy has created few problems for himself. Only his appointment of Adlai Stevenson to a position of secondary importance has brought to the fore publicly any degree of discontent by a party leader or his supporters.

The Twentieth Amendment, by moving up the date of the inauguration and ending the "lame duck" sessions of Congress, has simplified some of the problems of the transfer of power. Nevertheless, much credit this year must be given to the principal figures in the drama, who are playing their roles with a wisdom and graciousness which have not always characterized earlier leaders.

HOWARD PENNIMAN

On All Horizons

WRITE-IN SURPRISE. A veteran Alaska missionary, Fr. Segundo Llorente, S.J., 54, will represent the 3,000 Eskimos of his region in the new State Legislature. Not a candidate, he was an easy write-in victor over the present incumbent.

► **SCHOLARSHIP.** The Catholic Library Assn. announces a scholarship in library science for the academic year 1961-62, to be awarded for graduate study toward a master's degree. Applications from the Scholarship Committee, CLA, Villanova, Pa.

► **DE LA MENNAIS.** A century ago, Dec. 26, 1860, died the Servant of God, Jean-Marie de la Mennais, founder of the Brothers of Christian Instruction. His foundation thrives in this country in

the field of education, its latest undertaking being Walsh College, Canton, Ohio. A new life of this holy man, including the story of the painful break with his unfortunate brother, Félicité, is now out in French, by André Merlaud (La Bonne Presse, Paris, 1960). Venerable de la Mennais also founded a community of religious women.

► **SOCIAL QUESTION.** Two telling pamphlets that are just released: *Communism: Theory and Practice*, by Anthony T. Bouscaren, and *The Labor-Management Bargaining Table*, by the late Stephen F. Latchford, S.J. (Paulist Press, 401 West 59th St., New York 19, N.Y. 25¢ each; discount on bulk orders).

► **DEVOTION? SENTIMENT?** The pamphlet *The Sacred Heart and Sen-*

timimentality, by Matthew Hale, S.J., was written to demonstrate the solid theological basis of devotion to the Sacred Heart. It is obtainable from the Sacred Heart Program, Regional Center, 21 James St., Boston 18, Mass. (10¢ each; \$6 per hundred).

► **CANON LAW.** Such topics as cemeteries, censorship, confessors, consanguinity and cremation (to confine our list to the C's) are treated in compressed form in *Summary of Canon Law*, by the French canonist Emile Jombart, S.J., as translated by Raymond Bégin, J.C.D. (Benziger, \$4.50).

► **IN ST. LOUIS.** The Catholic Library Assn. will hold its 47th annual convention in St. Louis, April 4-7. Over 700 delegates (librarians, administrators and teachers), representing school and specialized libraries, will exchange ideas and search for new methods and products.

R.A.G.

Editorials

Room in Your Inn?

EARLY THIS MONTH a prominent member of the Chinese Students Society at McGill University in Montreal said: "Christmas is very dull and lonely, since we are not invited into Canadian homes." He revealed that in five years he had never been invited into a Canadian home, and he added: "Other than a degree, I don't feel that I got very much out of my stay in Montreal." Similar statements were made by Africans, West Indians and others in interviews that the editors of the student paper, *McGill Daily*, spread across two pages in an attempt to break down barriers between Canadian and foreign students. An editorial declared: "We, as a college newspaper, catering to students from all over the world, have the duty to act as liaison between Canadians and those who we feel are our guests." Officers of McGill's new International Students Association contributed an announcement that "to aid the social integration of foreign and Canadian students, as well as to entertain them," a First Annual New Year's Eve Dance will be held.

The concern of McGill's student editors commends itself for imitation throughout the United States as well as Canada. Here is a proposal for Catholic campuses: Take advantage of Christmas and all that it means to provide an appropriate occasion for making foreign students feel at home. On most campuses a program of inviting young people from abroad to American and Canadian homes for the holidays will not be the big project it would be at McGill, where there are 1,300 foreign students representing the cultures and societies of seventy nations. Ways can be found to make "room for them in the inn."

It might help students and their parents to know that the Chinese student we have already mentioned claims that the majority of his group (the largest foreign group at McGill, with more than 140 students from Hong Kong alone) are against "do good" societies that "attempt to perform a public service by inviting us to one of their functions." A student from Nigeria stated it was "of universal sentiment among foreign students" that "do good" societies "actually cannot fulfill their purpose." He added that foreign students would much prefer "spontaneous friendships" instead of "functions which seem to be motivated either by pity or as a project of social service."

If students and parents have stayed with our Christmas meditation this far, we would like to observe that nearly half of an estimated 20,000 Latin American students studying in foreign countries are in the United States. Msgr. James P. Conroy, representing Bishop Leo A. Pursley of Fort Wayne-South Bend, Ind., told the first Inter-American Marian Congress held last month in Buenos Aires that only about 17 per cent of

that total are in Catholic colleges in the United States; 13 per cent are in Protestant-sponsored colleges, and 70 per cent are in other colleges and universities. Msgr. Conroy revealed that some sixty U.S. Catholic colleges have agreed to make room for more Latin American students in response to a request from the Catholic Committee on Inter-American Student Problems, which was founded in 1956 under Bishop Pursley's patronage. Couldn't it be worked out that all those students have the benefit of spending Christmas in a good Catholic home this year and each year they are with us?

For a family that wants to do more, we suggest that they open their home to a foreign student for the whole academic year. That idea has worked very well on the high school level over the last nine years for 800 European and Latin American students in a program sponsored by the National Catholic Welfare Conference's Youth Department. Msgr. Joseph E. Schieder, director, is now seeking host families for the scholastic year 1961-62. For information address the International High School Student Program, NCWC, 1312 Massachusetts Ave., N.W., Washington 5, D.C.

Closer Scrutiny

THE YEAR'S END has evoked two opposing statements of world purpose: the U.S. *Goals for Americans* (see AM. 12/17, p. 393) and the new Communist manifesto. In both we observe polite bows directed toward the humanities and fine arts. The Communist bow (or should we now say kowtow?), stylized and stereotyped, promises everything: "freedom from the tyranny of the moneybag, all-around spiritual development of man, fullest development of talent, unlimited scientific and cultural progress."

More self-critical and honest in the democratic manner, our American statement holds out challenges to us rather than lavish promises. It sees the humanities as "essential for a rounded cultural life" and the arts as "a vital part of human experience" by which "the success of the United States as a civilized society will be largely judged." We are accordingly urged to "raise critical standards, widen the area and depth of public appreciation and stimulate and support richer cultural fulfillment."

BUT BEWARE! "You Americans are advancing in the night, bearing torches by which no one sees." This warning—attributed to Jacques Maritain, of all people—climaxes *Pravda's* official critique of the American statement of purpose (Nov. 30 issue, p. 6, col. 3).

Skepticism prompted a pleasant bit of research: What had Mr. Maritain really said? On p. 118 of his *Reflections on America* the sentence turned up, hardly recognizable: "You are advancing in the night, bearing torches toward which mankind would be glad to turn." Moreover, Mr. Maritain, deeply in love with America, was only complaining that we are philosophically too modest. There is a job for our intellectuals, he insists.

"Here we see how necessary eggheads are—those who try to shed the light of an adequate philosophy and a proper rational formulation, the apostolic power of ideas." This sage little volume could well be renamed *Goals for Americans*.

HOLY SCRIPTURE too came in for its share of abuse recently, not by the Soviets but by a pitiful group that calls itself "Save Our Nation, Inc." In a manifesto printed in the (Dec. 9) New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, the group unjokingly defends racial segregation because the Bible wants it. The proof: Ecclesiasticus 13:19-20—a passage that has nothing whatever to do with race. Impromptu exegesis has long been a hazardous game.

There are, of course, Old Testament texts that command the Jewish people to live up to their distinctive divine vocation. Last month in an important pastoral, Archbishop Denis E. Hurley of Durban, South Africa, explained that "they must be understood in their historical context—when the privileged recipients of God's revelation were in danger of losing it through powerful influence bearing down upon them." On the contrary, the Archbishop added that "if St. Paul were writing today he would say: 'There is no more African nor Colored, no more Indian nor European; there is nothing but Christ in any of us.'"

This should make a timely Christmas meditation for us all, Negro and white, North and South. Christ has come and we, His Body, are one. After 2,000 years, can He still plead that we know not what we do?

Trouble in Italy

THE END of the old year finds our Italian friends immersed in sober soul-searching. As the task of sifting the results of the November provincial and municipal elections proceeds, the initial optimistic reactions are ceding to more realistic estimates. No matter how they are shifted about, whether matched with the 1958 general election results, or with the local and provincial balloting in 1956, the figures indicate that the forces of Italian democracy, far from gaining at the expense of the Marxists, are barely holding their own. That this should be so, at a time when almost everywhere else in Western Europe the Marxist tide has dramatically receded, is one of the most puzzling political developments of the postwar world.

Compare, for example, the outcome of the balloting last November with the results of the parliamentary elections of 1958. Two years ago the Christian Democrats—who together with the Liberals, Republicans and Right-wing (Saragat) Socialists form the "*convergenza democratica*"—polled 42.4 per cent of the vote. This year they slipped to 40.3 per cent—a loss of nearly a million votes. Fortunately, this loss was almost entirely nullified by the modest gains made by the CD's small allies, especially by the Saragat Socialists; so that the democratic center maintained its precarious 51 per cent of the total vote.

On the other hand, the Communist percentage of the vote spurted from 22.6 in 1958 to 24.5. With their fellow travelers, the Left-wing (Nenni) Socialists, they won 38.9 per cent of the vote. Their combined percentage in 1958 was 37.3 per cent. (If the neo-Fascist vote is added to that of the two Marxist parties, then 46.2 per cent of the Italian electorate today favors a totalitarian form of government.)

The tendency in Italy now is to blame the persistence of communism on the spiritual poverty of the people. That is the line which the authoritative *Civiltà Cattolica* favors. It is also the line which the Italian Council of Bishops took at their meeting in Rome late in November. In fact, the bishops went so far as to say that religious indifference has become so widespread that the Church now regards Italy in a certain sense as mission territory.

That assessment of the Italian scene grows out of the circumstance that living standards have sharply improved since the war. Therefore, it is argued, if Italians are still voting Communist in large numbers, it cannot be because poverty and misery drive them in desperation to do so. Actually, in the recent elections, the Communists lost ground in the South, where living conditions are harsh, and gained in the bustling industrial centers of the North—in Milan, Florence, Genoa, Bologna and Turin. The reason, then, that fairly prosperous workers, with their motor scooters and even small cars, persist in voting Communist, must be the religious vacuum in their souls.

No one who knows Italy will readily dismiss such an analysis. Nor would one care to question the existence of widespread anticlericalism—among intellectuals, government officials and businessmen, as well as among workers. In many cases, resentment over ecclesiastical meddling in politics, real or imagined, is enough to persuade many an Italian to cast a solid vote against the Christian Democrats.

It seems to some observers, however, that the persistence of Marxism in Italy is too complex a phenomenon to be explained on exclusively spiritual grounds. Even though living conditions in Italy are on the whole greatly improved, there is still much unemployment and grinding poverty. Side by side with a growing materialism, there remain many injustices in social and economic life. And while some industrialists have in their treatment of employees and unions come abreast of the 20th century—not to mention the Church's social teaching—many more live in an old cynical world where business is business and only money talks.

If these considerations, as well as religious indifference, help to explain the Communist appeal, then any approach to it on purely spiritual grounds is doomed to fail. What is also required is a militant, imaginative drive for social justice. In political terms, this postulates the need of creating a new image of the Christian Democratic party. For only a party with a clear-cut, dynamic program of social progress offers a real alternative to people dazzled by the appealing simplicities of Marxism. At the present time the Christian Democrats, internally divided as they are, offer no such alternative.

Venice: The Incomparable

George H. Dunne

POOR LITTLE fisherboy! Imprisoned in paradise and longing to escape to the wastelands! "Have you always lived in Venice?" I had asked him. When he told me Yes, I said: "*Fortunato Lei!*" Lucky you! to be a boy fishing in a Venetian lagoon, a few dozen steps from the house where you were born and where you probably will one day die. But it seemed clear from the look on his face that he did not understand what was so lucky about it. He asked me where I was from. When I said: "America," his face lit up as though a light had been turned on, and he cried: "That's where I want to go!"

"*Sfortunato Lei!*" I thought. Unlucky you! not to know how lucky you are. There is something curiously perverse about human nature, impervious to its blessings. It is not an aberration peculiar to this boy fishing in Venice. It can be traced all the way back to Adam and Eve, who were the first not to count their blessings.

Why would anyone who can with a clear conscience live in Venice want to go to America? To give up this enchanted city for the maddening crush of New York subways, the frenetic rush of Manhattan life, the ineffable boredom of cocktail parties, the monotoned shuffling to and fro on crowded commuters' trains, or for the neon lights of garish Broadway or Times Square? Or for any other of the American Lorelei who, from Staten Island to the Golden Gate, sing their siren song to boys fishing on the banks of a Venetian canal?

It is not that America is worse than any other place. It is simply that neither in America nor anywhere else is there another place like this fantastic city serenely floating on the surface of the sea a mile and a half from land. Although anyone who has ever been in a traffic rush-hour jam on a Los Angeles speedway should have a good idea, one has really to come to Venice, where there are no automobiles, to appreciate what a curse they have been to humanity. Here, instead of tram or autobus, you take a motor launch. If you are richer and in a hurry (though no one has any right to be in a hurry in Venice), you take a gleaming mahogany water taxi. If you are richer and not in a hurry, you may take the more leisurely and famed gondola. You glide through the water, drinking in the beauty of this incredible mass of churches and palaces rising, like Debussy's engulfed cathedral, from the depths of the sea.

There is endless beauty in the old palaces, many of

them now transformed into hotels. But the beauty is not only in the palaces. It is in the ancient churches, the old houses, in the *piazzettas*, the *campi*, along the *fondamenta*. The city is less than three miles long and two miles wide, and yet was once one of the most formidable powers in the West and mistress of a maritime empire that covered the Adriatic, the Aegean and the Mediterranean, reaching to Syria and Palestine. One could happily spend a lifetime wandering through her narrow *calli*, her worn *salizade*, crossing her 400 bridges to prowls about the 118 tiny islands on which she rests.

How long would it take to weary of the beauties of ancient churches enhanced by the works of great masters, of Titian, Tintoretto, Bellini? Can a Venetian ever run out of golden thread with which to spin his daydreams, so long as the sumptuous gothic splendors of Saints John and Paul are there to remind him of the glories of the past? Twenty-six Doges are buried within its walls, including Jacobo Tiepolo, who, more than seven hundred years ago, because of a dream, persuaded the Senate to build and endow this church for the sons of St. Dominic. If it were possible for these glories to pall, there is the rival Franciscan church of the Frari, with its monumental tombs, including that of Titian himself, whose glorious "Assumption" sheds its rapture from above the main altar. And there are half a hundred other churches besides, repositories of great art, witnesses to a great faith, reminders of a great history.

Above all there is St. Mark's, surely one of the most beautiful churches in the world. Each of nearly a thousand years has deepened the richness of its beauty, its rare marbles, its wondrous golden mosaics. The soft, mystic light that suffuses its oriental splendors seems itself a prayer.

I stood at the far end of St. Mark's Piazza one night and looked back at the cathedral. A remarkable optical illusion made it seem, for all its rounded domes and graceful curves, a silhouette cut out of cardboard and pasted against the blue-black sky. Next to it the Doge's palace gently rested on tiptoe, ready at a moment to float off on any errant breeze blowing out to the sea. Here are the architectural theories of Frank Lloyd Wright anticipated and realized hundreds of years before his time. Nothing Wright or Le Corbusier or other moderns have achieved grows so organically out of its environment as these witnesses to the artistic genius and technical skill of the allegedly benighted early Middle Ages.

It is hard to believe that any place in the world can

FR. DUNNE, S.J., a frequent contributor, sharpens his sense of history by research at the Jesuits' Istituto Storico, Rome.

surpass the beauty of St. Mark's Piazza. (Recently in Rome an American tourist told me she had no intention of visiting Venice. She remained wholly skeptical of my glowing encomiums because, she said, wrinkling her nose and screwing up her mouth like a shriveled prune, "A Long Island neighbor of mine told me that they throw their *garbage* in the canals!" Sometimes it is quite easy to dislike Americans.)

Any hour of the day or night St. Mark's is sheer delight. In the early morning hours when the sun is just up and few humans are yet abroad, the Piazza begins to stir with life as the early risers among the pigeons splash about in the fountains, making their morning toilettes. Above on every ledge and cornice and in every crevice, and even on the back of the great stone carved lion of St. Mark, who seems not to mind at all, hundreds of their less vigilant brethren are still sleeping away hangovers from overindulgence the day before. But like every alcoholic who ever lived, they will be ready to start again the moment the city functionary appears—as he soon will, with the morning ration of grain graciously supplied by the city fathers.

In dark, fluttering clouds they will come tumbling down. From then until dark has come again and they have wearily but happily staggered back up to their ledges and to bed, they gobble grain, fed them by tourists who throng the great Piazza. One of the mysteries of Venice is how the pigeons, loaded as they are, manage still to get air-borne without the assistance of rocket boosters. No doubt the winter months, with tourists gone, are lean months; but not too lean, for the municipality still supplies the twice-daily ration of grain and Venetians are fond of their pigeons.

UNLESS one has been to Italy and has acquired the habit of piazza-sitting, one has missed one of the great joys of life. It requires so little effort and yields such rich rewards. All you have to do is to sit, look at people, at the play of fountains, which are nearly always there, at the ancient buildings—and dream. It is a species of contemplation which, as everyone except the pitiful pragmatist knows, is the most exalted kind of human activity and is also one of the higher forms of prayer. Surely there is no more delightful way to pray than sitting in St. Mark's Piazza in Venice. Although almost any piazza in almost any city in Italy will do, none can equal St. Mark's; not even St. Peter's in Rome, which is never without its contemplatives sitting on the steps around Bernini's colonnades.

On a Saturday night I sat in St. Mark's, listening to the lovely music supplied by a symphony orchestra; looking at the crowds of people strolling by; gazing at the ethereal beauty of the Doge's palace, at the silhouetted cathedral, at the gondolas gliding by on waters fire-flecked with the reflection of a thousand lights.

I saw the triumphant thieves sailing into Venice more than a thousand years ago with the body of St. Mark, which they had piously stolen from Alexandria, to lay it beneath the side altar in the cathedral, where it still rests in a plain stone tomb. I saw Empire and Papacy

reconciled and Federico Barbarossa nearly eight hundred years ago kneeling before Alexander III in front of the cathedral portal. I saw the Venetian fleet, pennons gaily flapping in the breeze, sailing off to Lepanto four hundred years ago to meet the Turks and certain defeat—and triumphantly sailing back again from unbelievable victory. I saw the Jesuit Michel Boym, three hundred years ago, entering the Doge's palace to present his credentials from the court of the last Ming Pretender to the Dragon Throne of China.

I saw all the history and the glory and the beauty that have been created here (and the tears that have flowed here, for there is the Bridge of Sighs on the other side of the Doge's palace) during the fifteen hundred years since Venetian mainlanders, fleeing from the invasions of the Lombards, took refuge on this archipelago and built this unreal city which could exist only in a dream. Far above my head I saw the American satellite Echo sailing across the dark indigo skies. A moment to remember!

The brightly glowing star moving steadily toward the far horizon symbolizes the achievements of today. Modern man is proud of these achievements (except, perhaps, when he allows himself to remember Hiroshima and Nagasaki; or when he thinks of hundreds of ICBM's on their launching pads; or when, as in a nightmare, he sees the tortured and burned bodies of five or six hundred million victims of a few days of nuclear warfare). But it is possible to doubt that shooting rockets to the moon (or dropping nuclear warheads on men, women and children half a world away) is an achievement comparable to creating the beauty that surrounds and absorbs you here.

Sitting in St. Mark's Piazza in Venice, all the worried discussion in the United States about national purpose seems unreal. It is probably true that the threat of world-wide communism leaves Americans no choice but to gird their loins for the struggle and forge a national purpose. It would not be too difficult to define what that national purpose must be, though it would be temerarious to guarantee that the American people are capable of it. This obligation is probably real enough, but unfortunate. It has always been people with a national purpose who have caused the tensions and the conflicts and the cataclysms.

Someone with considerable discernment once said that the end of the state is simply to assure those conditions of existence in which John and Dorothy can fall in love, get married and happily raise a family. It is no doubt too much to wish for a world in which no one worries about any national purpose other than this. But the real aimlessness is in those who have forgotten that the realization of love and the raising of a family is a more satisfying and creative work of art than shooting rockets at the moon or building obscenely big automobiles.

Naturally, one cannot always sit in the piazza. The art of feeding, clothing, housing and raising a family requires that one work. But there is no good reason why one should have to work beyond what this requires. Work is not an end in itself, nor is it itself a virtue. It

is a consequence of original sin. Adam and Eve went to work only *after* they left Paradise. Blessed are those who, not driven by an iron compulsion to get rich, have time left over from work to stroll with the family or, with wine and good friends (or merely with wine), to sit in the piazza and watch not only the girls, but everyone else go by; time to write a poem or paint a picture or simply to spin a dream.

It is a way of life not calculated to produce millionaires or ulcers—or hydrogen bombs. It is a good way of

life. Italians who, beguiled by Communist chimeras or the glitter of chromium, would exchange it for Russian regimentation or American abundance, deserve what they would get.

Not everyone, unfortunately, can live in Venice. There is not room. But everyone can envy those who do live there and pity those who, living there, want to escape. "Poor fisherboy! Here, make your wish and rub this Aladdin's lamp. But, before you do, give me your fishing pole."

Word From God

C. Kenneth Johnstone, S. J.

HAVE YOU ever thought of picking up one of the Gospel accounts and simply reading it through? You will find that each of them is *interesting*. To whet your appetite, here are a few of the more striking points that make the Gospels fascinating books. More like first impressions than anything else, these points are not particularly deep or scientific, but they might be a literary revelation for many readers.

MATTHEW: Matthew's is the Gospel of the Church, tracing God's plan as it unfolds to reveal that the faithful few of Israel become the core of a new people, with a new law and a different hierarchy. Matthew's story moves with majesty; all human history turns on its massive hinge.

He begins with a long roll call of resounding names, the ancestors of Jesus Christ, Emmanuel (which means "God with us"). The closing words of Matthew's Gospel we know well: "Absolute authority in heaven and on earth has been conferred upon me. . . . I am with you at all times as long as the world will last."

Kings came to adore Him, an infant. At His baptism, a voice from heaven thundered: "This is my Son, the beloved." In His public life He spoke as one having authority, not like the scribes and Pharisees. Wind and waves roared; one word from Him and they were silent. If you picture the herd of swine plunging down a slope and into the sea, you may taste the fear in the people of that district, who came out and begged Him to leave their country. One evening He fed five thousand men. That same night, standing on the heaving water of the Sea of Galilee, He drew Peter up beside Him. On Mt. Tabor He walked with Moses and Elias in dazzling light.

The whole book is filled with pictures of a king on his throne. At the end, even the Roman governor recog-

nized his royalty. In Matthew's account our Lord is the mighty Christ, the majestic Christ, born to rule His people in the new world He is building.

It is the Gospel of the Church, and it is the one most often used in the liturgy. Its five books are each made up of miracles and other events, and then some sayings of our Lord. Matthew uses these collections to show just what this Church was that Jesus founded. The story section gathers events from the public life of our Lord which throw light on what He says about 1) the new law; 2) the apostolate; 3) what sort of kingdom the Church will be; 4) what the faithful and hierarchy are to do; 5) His coming triumph. The sayings give us the meaning of His deeds; His actions explain what He says.

Because in it there is so little description and so often our Lord is speaking, Matthew's Gospel is somewhat impersonal and liturgical. Because Christ the Lord is our king, and His kingdom our Church, the first Gospel rings in the mind like a fanfare of trumpets.

MARK: This has been called the Gospel of the Son of God in a hurry. It might remind you of the last two weeks of a national election campaign. Jesus is constantly on the move—to the Jordan, the desert, Galilee, Tyre and Sidon, the Ten Towns, on to Jerusalem. Or He is staying at Capharnaum, but now He is at the outskirts, now at the seaside, on the hillside, at the other side, or back to His own country. Mark's Gospel is full of movement; it is a "stop-the-press" account of a whirlwind campaign by the Son of Man to win His kingdom.

At the same time, Mark very cleverly conveys an atmosphere of mystery, so that the reader thinks of the Person this story is about as different, as quite other, and the events are transcendent.

The book is organized like poetry, with events laid down side by side, one after the other, often without comment. The reader—or rather the hearer, since this Gospel is more like a story someone is telling aloud—asks himself: "What does it mean?" And he finds the

FR. JOHNSTONE submits his Gospel reflections from Regis College, Toronto. He uses the Kleist-Lilly translation of the New Testament.

answer in the way it is put together: one event explains the next, and each is explained by the last, or by all the events taken together. Thus, John the Baptist says there is one coming who is "mightier than I"; then, at the baptism of Jesus, the heavens open and the Spirit descends on Him.

Mark's book is strewn with questions, and how often an episode ends with a question that goes unanswered. As the scene closes in which Christ calms the storm, the disciples are saying to one another: "Who, really, is this man?" After He has multiplied the loaves and fishes, He asks: "Can you not yet understand?" He silences the Pharisees with a question: "Did you never read the Scripture . . . ?" And likewise the scribes: "David himself calls him 'Lord'; in what sense, then, is he his Son?"

Sometimes Mark has our Lord clinching a miracle or a parable with a striking figure of speech, filling the mind with wonder. Jesus has an answer for the scribes who said He was evil: "He who blasphemes against the Holy Spirit can never obtain forgiveness." He tells anyone who shrinks from a suffering Christ: "Of him the Son of Man will, in turn, be ashamed when he returns wrapt in his Father's glory, escorted by his holy angels." To His disciples He keeps saying: "If anyone would like to be the first, he will have to be the last of all, that is, the servant of all." "I assure you, whoever does not receive the kingdom of God as does a little child, will not enter it," He said, and took the children in His arms.

Mark often strikes a curious personal note: the Son of Man complains, blames, threatens. At the core of the mystery is the fact that He is man. Yet, when we think of the bitter complaints God made through prophets like Jeremias, we would say rather that He who complains, blames and threatens is God, and He is jealous of the love of His people. The Pharisees anger Him. He answers His disciples: "How is it you are still without faith?" Or again: "Are your minds still a complete blank?" He turns on Peter with: "Back to your place." It is true that He is gentle; His heart goes out to the people, and children are at ease with Him. But He is often hurt.

We can see how a critic entitled his book on Mark *The Messianic Secret*. The second Gospel captures the wonder of the Incarnation: a plain, ordinary man is omnipotent God. Every new sign of the fact comes as a shock, jolting men out of the smooth rut of a life untroubled by the nearness of God. It is not a time for "sweet talk"; one can only gape and ask: "Who can He be . . . ?"

Some editions of the second Gospel used to end with the reaction of the holy women to the empty tomb. The flavor of it is the very essence of Mark: "They hurriedly left the tomb, for they were panic-stricken; and they did not say a word to anyone; they were so afraid."

LUKE: St. Luke's Gospel is as different as can be from St. Mark's. If Mark is familiar, lively, almost racy, Luke is polished, smooth and orderly. Where Mark says that Jesus told the wind to "shut up," Luke says

He "reproved it." Mark tells a story the way most of us do; he repeats himself and mixes past and present. But not Luke—he is a writer.

There is movement in Luke, too, a march on Jerusalem. We see it in the Infancy Gospel, which keeps leading us back to the Temple. "Making His way toward Jerusalem" is the refrain of the public life. And we read in chapter 13: "It surely will not do for a prophet to come to grief outside Jerusalem!"

Usually Luke keeps you focused on one side of Jesus: the gentle Christ, the poor Christ, in whose life women, and the gentiles, had an important place.

To start off, we find the baby in a manger, and we hear something about the boy Jesus. Then, when He begins to preach, his Sermon on the Plain is all about charity. And it is in Luke that we find the parable of the Good Samaritan, as well as of the Prodigal Son—or better, of the Two Sons.

This Gospel specializes in miracles of mercy. The man with the withered hand, the crippled woman and the man with dropsy had not even asked Jesus to cure them; they had come to the synagogue to worship. The widow of Naim was taking her son to be buried when our Lord gave him back to her. When Jesus reached the Holy City, the thought of its fate made Him weep.

The gentle Christ is most apparent in the Passion as St. Luke records it. "I have longed and longed to eat this pasch with you," Jesus tells the disciples. On the Way of the Cross He could say to the women of Jerusalem: "Weep for yourselves and your children." He promised the good thief: "This very day you will be with me in paradise."

Luke shows us the Christ who especially helped and blessed the poor, while for the rich He offered only woe. The rich are warned: "You cannot have God and money for masters," and advised: "When you give an entertainment, invite persons who are poor, crippled, lame or blind." Luke gives us the parable of Lazarus and the Rich Man. In the story of Zaccheus, who gave half his property to the poor, he shows us a tycoon after the heart of Christ.

Luke gives women a special place in Christ's life. In his Infancy Gospel there are Elizabeth, Mary and Anna. Of the repentant sinner Jesus says: "I tell you, her sins, numerous as they are, are forgiven. You see, she has shown so much love!" Luke alone gives us the story of Mary and Martha, and he lists the holy women who provided for the disciples out of their means. From him we hear of the widow who gave to the poor more than all the rest; she gave all she had to live on.

Finally, Luke tells us how much our Lord was concerned for the gentiles. The Prodigal Son sounds like a gentile (he took a job feeding pigs). There was the Samaritan healed of leprosy who came back to thank Jesus. And there is the Good Samaritan.

When we read in the Acts of the Apostles, Luke's second book, about Cornelius and other gentiles coming into the Church, we realize it is a natural development. All through the first book Luke showed us Christ making His way toward the poor, the unimportant, the gentiles—to us.

JOHN: The Gospel according to St. John seems like two books put together. There are the intimate glimpses of the Lord from the disciple who remembered all his life the first time he met Him, at four o'clock in the afternoon, and the 153 fish he helped catch almost the last time he saw Him. There are other passages full of awe and adoration, expressing the splendor and exaltation of the Son of God, who was in the beginning, the fountain of life, the light of the world, the bread of angels, one with the Father.

It is not so hard for a Catholic, living a sacramental life, to understand how the two books are one. Father, Son and Holy Spirit, omnipotent God, come to us in homely ways—bread, marriage, a washing. As John says, "the Word was made flesh."

John's might be called the Gospel of the sacraments. The whole book is organized according to Hebrew worship, which was a kind of pattern for the Christian liturgy.

John's account first presents, centered round a Feast of the Passover, the beginning of Christ's words and acts, an initiation into the Christian mysteries, and clues to help understand the sacrament of baptism. The events are: Jesus' receiving baptism, calling His disciples, changing water to wine, taking over the Temple, giving a baptismal instruction to Nicodemus and to the Samaritan woman, and, finally, giving new life to the centurion's child.

Then, on a Sabbath, we learn that the Father is creating, through His Son, a new world, a new law and a new worship. In John's sixth chapter, at his second

Pasch, the Eucharist is explained to us. And Christ raises Lazarus to life at the Feast of the Dedication of the Temple.

At the Feast of the Tabernacles, the Feast of Lights, John gives us an idea of what a revolution the new law brings. This is a further step, connected with the coming of the Holy Spirit, and, therefore, with the sacrament of confirmation. Jesus gives sight to a blind beggar. When Christ's enemies pester the parents about what our Lord did for their son, they answer: "Ask him. He's grown up." The son stands up for Christ against His enemies. When Jesus comes to him, he kneels to adore Him.

At the third Pasch, the Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world is slain and glorified. Christ's washing the apostles' feet helps explain the sacrament of penance, which in John's account is the main point in His appearing to the disciples the day of His resurrection: "Receive the Holy Spirit. Whenever you remit anyone's sins, they are remitted; when you retain anyone's sins, they are retained." That brings in the sacrament of orders, which comes up again later when Christ makes Peter pastor of all His sheep. But everything in John's Gospel is intertwined: life of Christ, God made man, life of the Christian.

Reading John's Gospel is a special experience. We see Jesus through John's eyes, hear Him through his ears—it is like listening to the beat of His Heart. Heart speaks to heart. Suddenly the doors of our mind are flung open; heaven and eternity come flooding in; "we have seen His glory."

All the World's a Circus *Franz Schneider*

IN ONE OF Archibald MacLeish's sonnets, "The End of the World," man is a creature devoid of grace and abandoned to a meaningless universe. Like the clown, who in much modern art is man's symbolic representative, he is without identity and without defense against the inhuman forces that surround him. The result is estrangement, alienation and unbelief. When the top blows off the circus of the world, there is, according to the narrator of the poem, "nothing, nothing, nothing—nothing at all."

Not all artists who try to explain modern man through the image of the clown would go so far as Mr. MacLeish. But many, notably Edith Sitwell, see the clown as a tragic figure associated with "materialism and the triumphant dust." She says of "Petrouchka:"

We had become accustomed to seeing a clown

PROF. SCHNEIDER, who presently teaches English at Gonzaga University, Spokane, Wash., has contributed articles and poetry to this Review.

that is, perhaps, the clearest symbol of the modern world, showing, as he does, the terrible difference between his heightened exterior, so intensely restricted, and the limitless dark of the mind. He is above all, the man with nowhere to hide, the homeless one. . . .

How well this piercing and undeceivable genius knows that the modern world is but a thin matchboard flooring spread over a shallow hell . . . and there is the even more terrible lumbering darkness (if we are not careful it will break our matchboard flooring) where the bear crosses our stage. And there are terrifying passages wherein the rhythm is but the anguished beat of the clown's heart as he makes his endless battle against materialism. We are watching our own tragedy.

Much of what Dame Sitwell has to say about the tragedy of separateness and being cut off from society is penetrating and profound. But I wonder if her conclusion does justice to all the qualities that are con-

tained in her clown, and by implication in modern man. Other artists not only consider the clown a tragic figure embodying the calamities of our time, but also see him as a repository of the wisdom of insecurity.

The acceptance of existential insecurity, moreover, has been considered in all Christian ages a direct approach to the divine life. The man of high adventure, Parsifal, who won the holy grail by ascetic trials and knightly quest, and the pilgrim who gave up his possessions to find grace and salvation are the blood brothers



of the less aristocratic figure of the clown, at least of the clown as he appears in art. Their function is still the same: to remind man that his plenty is a threat to compassion, that his soul will wither and die if there is no new creation.

By knowing chaos in their bones and by applying their foolishness to a world under stress from too many divergent forces, Billy Saunders and Charlie Chaplin, W. C. Fields and Walt

Kelley, Fernandel, Rühmann and Cantinflas prevent the fabric of society from being torn apart.

That modern art is aware not only of the pathos and tragedy but also of the transcendent function of the clown can easily be demonstrated by looking at that world which gave rise to the clown: the circus. It is true that the French painters of the 19th century at first treated the circus theme in a spirit of protest, because they noted the same propensities Dame Sitwell has so eloquently described. The circus employed people without house or home, who were compelled to play with their lives night after night before unappreciative audiences, thus performing the role of the clown who smiles with despair in his heart. But this is not the primary reason for the treatment of this theme by Renoir, Degas and Toulouse-Lautrec. The last of these men, remembering the days and the performers of the "Hippodrome" and the "Medrano," drew over fifty circus scenes in the insane asylum.

These French painters felt a kinship with clown, juggler and aerial artist that went further than their value as symbols of human existence. To them, one of the greatest and deepest traditions in the history of Western thought seemed to have survived in the everyday life of circus folk: man is not really at home on earth; his soul is threatened by the world of things and material possessions; he is not only body with responsibility toward life on earth but also soul with responsibility toward the realm of the spirit; he must learn the lesson of equilibrium. This is a useful lesson to have learned in the topsy-turvy world of today.

Ironically, the very word used by cynics in the 16th century to make fun of the voyaging circus people contains all the elements modern art finds so attractive in the circus theme. The citizens of Nuremberg called the men on the trapeze "*Himmelreicher*," that is, "high fliers." In German, this word contains a triple pun:

"*Himmelreich*" means the kingdom of heaven; "*Reicher*" is one who reaches, but also one who is rich. In our age, painters like Seurat, Bonard, Beckmann, Ernst and Kirchner indeed treat circus people as if they were the last manifestations of the angelic spirit on earth since they are compelled to overcome the limitations of the world and its gravity by an almost religious asceticism and by their cheerful familiarity with death and what lies beyond.

Perhaps modern art simplifies reality when it emphasizes in circus people a creative energy that is opposed to seeking security in material comfort and a rising standard of living. But it is precisely the circus performer's freedom, which in the eyes of the bourgeois gives circus life its slightly subversive flavor, that the artist finds so stimulating. We need not wonder, then, that after the death of Toulouse-Lautrec some of the greatest artists of our time should have created new cycles on circus life.

The most famous of them is "Les saltimbanques" and those pictures of Picasso's "rose period" that treat the circus motif as an expression of a spiritual hope in something as yet unrealized. The subject of these pictures also furnished the inspiration for Rainer Maria Rilke's famous fifth Duino elegy, which mirrors Picasso's artistic intention perfectly. The acrobats must be acclaimed because, like the vanished lovers and heroes of old, they accept the totality of life in the present and place some of man's highest values before self.

From this to Fernand Léger's famous but rare book *Cirque* is only a short step. Léger no longer primarily dwells on the tragedy and pathos of the traveling people. Their life in the roundness of the circus arena becomes a parable of dynamic curiosity. Their art is a symbol for the processes of the mind. Long before the beatniks Léger could say: "Since the earth is round, how can anyone think square?" The high wire cyclist has to traverse the cable, a line that is the shortest distance between two points. But it is the roundness of the rolling wheel that conquers the wire: "Roundness is open and free; it has neither beginning nor end." Lessing and Novalis had speculated in a similar manner. But Léger's metaphor surprises by its resemblance to Dr. Einstein's picture of the universe.

The list of those who have used the circus for thematic treatment in painting, music and literature could be enlarged at will: Buffet, Miró and Macke; Prokofiev, Stravinsky and Jerome Cohen. See also Hapgood's expressive clown on an AMERICA cover early this year (2/6).

Thomas Mann hints at the reason for this fascination with circus life. In *Felix Krull* he compares the artist to the aerialist soaring high in the cupola of the tent, defying both the law of gravity and the abyss. But Mann makes it clear that the "high flier" is not self-contained. In his beautiful flight he restores and defines the hopes and aspirations of the earthbound crowd below, as well as confessing the guilt and depravity of those on whom he depends for bread, love and inspiration.

But the greatest showman of them all is Franz Kafka,

who at the end of his novel *Amerika* introduces the reader to the unique and spectacular Circus of Oklahoma. In this circus there is no audience; everybody is a performer. At least that is what the posters seem to imply: "Anybody who wants to become an artist, sign up!" No distinction is made between different kinds of "artists." In a spirit of grotesque fun and irony, Kafka impresses upon us the fact that all people have the ability, as well as the obligation, to create. To Kafka, who had to endure the devastations of uprootedness and who grieved over his lack of stability, building a decent life and becoming a real person is the highest art of all. The techniques of art and the methods of the circus are seen to be a means to an abundant life.

The treatment of the circus symbol shows, then, that artists appreciate the destructive impact the machine age had on the world of the circus. But more important is their insistence that the people of this world have found a way of overcoming this impact. They would maintain that it is the traveling folk who teach the rest of us the true meaning of experience, the need for movement and balance in the face of the abyss, and the necessity and beauty of giving our best for perfection.

In this, they are more than an inspiration for the artist. They become exemplars for the Christian, who also lives in a world that is not his true home, a world which he must leave soon. Little wonder that the new circus school should be dominated by the religious theme. Jean Cocteau's *Letter to Jacques Maritain* is its

manifesto, and Max Jacob's poetry is its testimony. Of this convert who died for racial reasons in the Nazi concentration camp of Drancy, Wallace Fowlie said:

... he is seen today to be the type of modern mystic who reveals himself by means of a burlesqued fantasy in which he can permit himself every form of adventure, even the love of God. He is an example of the man who is embarrassed by having come upon a profound part in his own being, whose face bears the inwardly turned expression of the clown.

Moreover, the chief virtues attributed by artists to the traveling people are exactly the virtues without which no Christian life is possible: hope and courage. On them are based honesty and friendship, the open-mindedness that comes with knowing the meaning of justice. Since these are the enemies of alienation and estrangement, they give a new dimension to the prevalent image of the clown. His adventure is our adventure, for life is the great circle in which all of us—acrobat, juggler, clown—go through our routines. The world is not always and consistently a stage where life moves in the inevitable progressions of tragedy. Often enough it is a circus whose comic episodes prove that through hope man can still overcome his frustration and folly. Just as the clown can cause laughter through enacting the innocence of his contemporaries, so modern man can redeem his fellow by understanding the clown's source of joy.

BOOKS

Early Bloom and Late Blight

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN SOUTH AFRICA

By William Eric Brown; ed. by Michael Derrick. Kenedy. 351p. \$7.50

Something good out of Africa, even though it be in retrospect, is cause for gratitude. Fr. Brown's account of the Catholic Church in South Africa from its origins to the present day provides intellectual and moral satisfaction on two levels.

In the first place, the book is a compilation of the notes, deceptively casual in organization, of an unusually attractive scholar. A convert in 1919, ordained in 1929, and assigned to Glasgow University as chaplain, he spent the last eleven years of his life in South Africa doing research for this book. He was, accordingly, competent to recreate the flesh and spirit of the early builders

while weighing their triumphs and failures with the exact scales of the historian's art. Bishop Griffith wrote (1837) in his diary, "How sick I am of this colony—my complaint is becoming every day more intolerable." But despite such natural repugnance, the growing establishment of clergy, missionaries, teachers and cloistered orders, for whom the bishop pioneered almost alone, battled heroically and often very humanly against the indifference of pagans and the hostility of the bigoted.

The second satisfaction provided by this thorough investigation of early customs and social organization in South Africa lies in the reminder that our Western culture there attempted, for a time at least, to find humane and moral methods of establishing contact with the Negro peoples.

The daring imagination of Prior Franz

Pfanner in his establishment of the missionary monastery of Marianhill may still serve as a beacon for future hopes of contact when the present nightmare of fear-ridden bigotry has passed. To link the creation of well-managed farms with the education and "Westernizing" of tribal culture remains today one of the most hopeful means of bridging the gulf between African and European.

The author dramatizes this in

... the lesson of the monks, the priests as well as the brothers, all doing as a matter of course the manual work necessary for the creation of wealth. Hitherto the Europeans had been known to the Bantu as a planter or rancher; these were husbandmen and herdsmen and workers and did not shirk the labor of it.

Apartheid, that craven repudiation of a common humanity, has wrecked generations of work in the building up of a Catholic educational structure to serve the Bantu peoples. Fr. Brown's gentle appraisal of the unfortunate Afrikaaner heritage throws new light on the miseries of self-deception. The Afrikaan

JESUIT COLLEGES and UNIVERSITIES



The University of Scranton

The University of Scranton, the first Catholic institution of higher education in northeastern Pennsylvania, was known as the College of St. Thomas at its foundation in 1888. The University, now under the jurisdiction of the Jesuit Fathers, is undergoing a physical transformation. With only its original Main Building still located at its original site, a new University has grown a few blocks distant in the center of the city in the area of the Scranton Estate. A million-dollar Science Building, housing laboratories and lecture halls, including the University's radio station, was erected in 1956. Four modern residence halls were opened to out-of-town students in 1958. Two more are in the process of construction. This Fall a one million-dollar Student Center and a new Alumni Memorial Library were placed into service. A site is being prepared for a new multiple classroom and administration building, the first section of which will be in use in 1961.

Courses leading to the Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Science degrees are offered in the following fields: arts, business, pre-dental, pre-legal, pre-medical, pre-engineering, psychology, biology, physics, economics, teacher training, social sciences, chemistry, mathematics; Master of Arts and Master of Science degrees in education, history, English and business administration. The University also offers a four-year ROTC program.

A well-rounded schedule of extracurricular activities includes intercollegiate football, basketball, baseball and golf.

Scranton 3

Pennsylvania

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CALIFORNIA
Loyola University (Los Angeles) LAS-AE-C-E-Ed-G-IR-L-AFROTC
University of San Francisco LAS-Sc-C-Ed-G-N-L-Sy-AROTC
University of Santa Clara LAS-AE-C-E-Ed-G-L-Sc-Sy-AROTC

COLORADO
Regis College (Denver) LAS-Sy

CONNECTICUT
Fairfield University LAS-C-Ed-G

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MASSACHUSETTS
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Holy Cross College (Worcester) LAS-G-NROTC-AFROTC

MICHIGAN
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NEW JERSEY
St. Peter's College (Jersey City) LAS-AE-C-AROTC

NEW YORK
Canisius College (Buffalo) LAS-C-Ed-G-Sc-Sy-AROTC

Fordham University (New York) LAS-AE-C-Ed-G-J-L-P-S-Sy-AROTC-AFROTC

Le Moyne College (Syracuse) LAS-C-IR

OHIO
John Carroll University (Cleveland) LAS-C-G-Sy-AROTC

Xavier University (Cincinnati) LAS-AE-C-G-Sy-AROTC

PENNSYLVANIA
St. Joseph's College (Philadelphia) LAS-AE-IR-Ed-Sc-AFROTC

University of Scranton LAS-Ed-G-AROTC

WASHINGTON
Gonzaga University (Spokane) LAS-C-E-Ed-G-J-L-Mu-N-Sy-AROTC

Seattle University LAS-C-Ed-E-G-N-SF-AROTC

WASHINGTON, D. C.
Georgetown University LAS-C-D-FS-G-ILL-L-M-N-Sy-AROTC-AFROTC

WEST VIRGINIA
Wheeling College LAS

WISCONSIN
Marquette University (Milwaukee) LAS-AE-C-D-DH-E-Ed-G-J-L-M-MT-N-PT-Sy-Sp-AROTC-NROTC

KEY TO ABBREVIATIONS

LAS Arts and Sciences	G Graduate School	M Medicine
AE Adult Education	HS Home Study	Mu Music
A Architecture	ILL Institute of	N Nursing
C Commerce	Languages and	P Pharmacy
D Dentistry	Linguistics	PT Physical Therapy
DH Dental Hygiene	IR Industrial Relations	RT Radio-TV
Ed Education	J Journalism	S Social Work
E Engineering	L Law	Sc Science
FS Foreign Service	MT Medical Technology	

SF Sister Formation	
Sp Speech	
Sy Seismology Station	
T Theatre	
AROTC Army	
NROTC Navy	
AFROTC Air Force	

cult is a fraud—it failed to represent the mother culture of Holland by never admitting the one-third Catholic element vital to the character of the Netherlands since the 16th century. Its provincial bigotry became further poisoned and introverted when the Great Trek drew out of the comparative tolerance of the Cape Colony a bitter core of settlers unwilling to reconcile themselves to the African in any character but that of the slave.

Slave-master ethics rule South Africa today, but they are not an essential resultant of the history of its peoples. A Christian tradition, as this book shows, was well founded among both Catholic and Protestant communities by men of courage and wide vision. It may be hoped that the present generation of South Africans will gather sufficient courage to resume the civilizing efforts of their more manly forerunners.

THOMAS R. ADAM

THE CLOWN

By Alfred Kern, Pantheon, 512p. \$5.95

Alfred Kern's work is introduced to English readers by this new novel, ably translated by Gerard Hopkins. It combines the French genius for symbolism, searching psychoanalysis and a meandering story into a minor epic of circus life. Its heavy philosophical burden and narrative monotone probably preclude wide sale, but the characterization, local color and especially the rich symbolism make it one of the year's important novels.

The narrator is Hans Schmetterling, an inhibited Swiss accountant who sets out to conquer the world for the sake of unattainable Elise. Successive failures bring him eventually to the circus of Martha Schwander, a consuming voluptuary and ruthless matriarch who soon owns his body and soul. Gradually he finds satisfaction in the role of a clown while also serving, half-willingly, as her lover. Later he becomes manager and by shrewd dealing saves the organization during the World War I years, but the circus develops into a possessive chimera that he can neither relish nor escape.

Vicissitudes stretch across Europe and South America, through the Spanish revolt and nazism, to the close of the 1930's. By then the business has become a megalomania with Martha, and in a wild revolt Hans squanders much of her fortune on a spree before burning the circus in a frenzy. In a pianissimo conclusion the pair go to Berlin, where Martha dies of cancer during the bombing, and Hans comes

finally to recognize and profess his love for her.

Steadily more significant than the action are the concentric meanings that arise from it. One explores Hans's childlike self-image of "Auguste," the clown type he develops as a second ego. Another interprets the warping control that big business exerts on those within its talons. The circus also shows a new wasteland in modern life's meaningless pursuit of money, power and fame. The most abiding import, however, is an existentialist discovery by Hans that solace comes only through self-struggle and chance.

The one element lacking in the broad philosophical complex is a sense of providence in the affairs of men. The result, while not deterministic, reduces to pathos what could be high tragedy and makes Hans more a cultural sample than a heroic person. None the less he might well become one of the enduring, even classic, characterizations of the mime.

GEORGE E. GRAUEL

EASTERN LITURGIES

By Irene-Henri Dalmis, O.P. Transl. by Donald Attwater. Hawthorn. 144p. \$2.95

Fr. Dalmis' work, volume 112 of the Twentieth Century Encyclopedia of Catholicism, gives a scholarly description of the various Eastern liturgies. He discusses their origin, their growth and their present condition; he explains their interrelationship, classifying them according to families, and finally, taking the sacraments and the Divine Office in turn, he compares the way that they are celebrated in each rite. His book might, therefore, be called a study in comparative liturgy. The mass of material presented is so concentrated that the uninitiated reader will probably be unable to grasp it all at a single reading. It is in fact more a reference work than a book to be read through at one sitting. In view of this, it would have been helpful to have had an index at the end.

Fr. Dalmis was not content to describe merely the externals of the rites; he has delved into the theological considerations which explain some of their characteristic and sometimes fundamental differences from the Western rites. For example, the theologian will like the explanation of the Epiclesis (invocation of the Holy Spirit), which in all the Eastern rites follows the singing of the words of institution. He explains how in the Mass the West has emphasized the role of the priest, who in the name of Christ "actualizes the redeeming sacrifice throughout time

and place," while in the East the Eucharistic celebration signifies and makes operative the entire economy of salvation in which the whole Trinity is involved, and the mysterious property "proper to each of the divine Persons is explicitly evoked."

No better translator could have been found than Donald Attwater, who has published so many studies on Eastern Christianity. The additional footnotes of the translator make the book still more helpful for English and American readers.

PAUL MAILLEUX, S.J.

PARTICIPATION IN THE MASS

20th North American Liturgical Week Proceedings. 3428 Ninth St., N.E., Washington 17, D. C. 299p. \$3

If a single word can adequately state the point of the liturgical renewal, that word, as Fr. Gerald Ellard saw long ago, is "participation." There were decades when liturgy was identified with rubrics—very good and necessary things indeed, but hardly the nub. Then there was the esthetic phase when liturgy bespoke good taste, gusts of archaic or *avant-garde* charm, the marginal. Fringe groups have long since passed, and each year the Liturgical Conference has finer and more theological "weeks." The present volume, the 1959 proceedings, has been worth waiting for. One would be hard put to find a saner, deeper, more encompassing guide to liturgical life.

Cardinal Lercaro's address was to be the feature attraction, and whatever obstacles there may have been to aural communication, the printed text is no disappointment. His personal, scholarly plea is for Christian solidarity, the awareness of communion in Communion and in all social worship.

In a fitting presidential address, Fr. Frederick McManus shows the relevance of liturgical law and directives, especially in the allotment of roles to each member of the Mystical Body. Fr. Godfrey Diekmann's paper is, of course, outstanding for discernment and heart. With abundant documentation he shows how Christian piety and participation have interacted (or failed to interact) in the life of the Church.

The last 45 pages are directly dogmatic and speculative, with noteworthy contributions by Fr. Terrence Toland, Fr. Augustine Rock and others in the Institute on Sacramental Theology. But most of the proceedings (some 200 pages) are geared to the directly practical and pastoral. There are papers on architecture, music, family life, spiritual formation, parishes of every category,

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ON RESOLUTIONS

Anticipating the traditional date for making new resolutions, AMERICA's business staff goes on record with some of its aims for 1961, namely:

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A blessed Christmas and New Year!

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missions, schools, seminaries and religious communities. No major area of the liturgical apostolate is bypassed.

Amid such riches one runs the risk of subjectivity in singling out any papers. But it is hard not to mention Cardinal Lercaro's second talk, with his sage comments on contemporary church building, Fr. Francis Burkley's perceptive notes on modern sacred music, Mary Perkins Ryan's suggestions on spiritual formation. This list could go on and on, but the reader's time could be better spent with the book.

C. J. McNASPY, S.J.

THE MONKS OF QUMRAN

By Edmund F. Sutcliffe, S.J. Newman. 272p. \$5.50

Does the supply now exceed the demand in Dead Sea Scroll literature? Well, reliable syntheses are always in place, especially when many questions are still unsettled, pending further publication of texts and more intensive study. Besides, the hallmark of Fr. Sutcliffe's writing is judicious and meticulous scholarship. He has avoided going over ground already well worked by scholars like Fr. De Vaux, Millar Burrows and H. H. Rowley. As the title suggests, he has selected a point of view, the men of Qumran as a religious community, and this has guided the direction of his research.

A comprehensive study of the scrolls is expected to answer questions in several areas. One must, above all, try and determine when the community originated. Fr. Sutcliffe believes that the available evidence points to a time

shortly after 150 B.C. for the initial occupation of the Qumran site. Like Milik, though independently, he holds the Wicked Priest to have been the Hasmonean ruler, Jonathan (160-142 B.C.), but he has not attempted to identify his illustrious contemporary, the Teacher of Righteousness, whom the sources reveal as an extraordinary religious personality.

In addition, we look for a statement of the community's characteristic beliefs and a description of its distinctive way of life. Fr. Sutcliffe, beginning with the blunt but salutary remark that the men of Qumran were Jews, expertly draws together and comments on their main beliefs and on the particular way they chose to observe the Mosaic Law. What is noteworthy about these chapters is the method, that is, the way in which the writer has based his description on the literature of the sect, and has resolutely avoided reconstructing Qumran belief or practice from New Testament literature.

This brings us to the last area, the relation between Qumran doctrines and Christianity. The final chapter very briefly and judiciously indicates points of contact and dissimilarities and then refers the reader to sources where the question is treated at greater length. Fr. Sutcliffe is more sympathetic than Milik and others toward Mlle. Jaubert's theory on the chronology of the Passion. On the oft-raised question of John the Baptist and Qumran he emphasizes the difference in spirit and ideals between the Precursor, as known from the New Testament texts, and the sectarians of Qumran.

For good measure the author has

given us almost a hundred pages of his own careful translations of published scroll texts, as well as the passages in Philo, Josephus and Pliny the Elder which deal with the Essenes. This book is a very welcome addition to the mainstream of Qumran studies.

FREDERICK L. MORIARTY, S.J.



EMMANUEL, presented at the Gate by the Gate Repertory Company, is one of the two fine plays unveiled in the first week of December, the other being *The Little Moon of Alban*, at the Longacre. Both are religious, the former overtly and the latter essentially, and their production during the Christmas season has a touch of felicity.

James Forsyth borrowed the story line of *Emmanuel* from the Gospels of Sts. Matthew and Luke, welding a few verses from each narrative into a Nativity drama of startling beauty. Aware that the Nativity is an intrinsically poignant drama, he did not try to embellish it. In changing the story from narrative to dramatic form, he did not attempt to give it a new interpretation or modern slant. Without altering the Gospels in any discernible way, James Forsyth has achieved a drama as simple and splen-

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did as St. Luke's narrative, in which Mary and Joseph let us hear them discussing their problems as if they were our intimate friends, which they are.

While conscientious in adhering to the essentials of the Gospel story, the author does exercise the dramatist's privilege of amplifying the characters. He accentuates Herod's perfidy, and his Magi are intellectuals with a flair for humorous tergiversation. When Herod questions them about the star and the Child, their ambiguous answers are amusing to the audience and exasperating to the king, who resorts to the guile mentioned by Matthew.

Directed by Matt Conley, more performers than can be mentioned in limited space collaborate in a reverent rendering of the drama. Sonia Lowenstein and Richard Nelson contributed imaginative costumes and lighting. In writing, performance and accoutrement, *Emmanuel* is a drama that involves its audience in the experience of the Nativity along with the Magi and shepherds.

LITTLE MOON OF ALBAN, by James Costigan, has already delighted the minority of TV viewers of sufficient maturity to tear themselves away from adult westerns. Julie Harris, whose glowing portrayal of the central character endowed the video play with distinction, is even more radiant in the live drama sponsored by Mildred Freed-Alberg. Herman Shumlin gave the production sensitive direction; sets and lighting represent Jo Mielziner at his best; Noel Taylor's costumes are authentic, or at least persuasive.

Since more thousands than will ever read this commentary have seen the TV play, there is no reason to describe its story line. In the TV version, however, *Little Moon* is a story of twice frustrated love, or a drama of renunciation. In live performance it is a drama of triumphant faith. By a circuitous route the author leads us to a better understanding of Christian charity.

John Justin, an Old Vic hand and veteran of the British stage, is convincing in the role of an agnostic eventually converted. Nora O'Mahony is admirable as a woman who has had more than her share of suffering, and Stefan Gierasch, as an Irish patriot, highlights the futility of violence in striving for justice. One cannot ignore the fine rendering of a tired doctor by Eric Christmas.

If any reader is wondering what to give that friend who has everything, your observer suggests tickets for *Emmanuel* or *Little Moon of Alban*.

THEOPHILUS LEWIS

AMERICA'S BOOK-LOG

THE TEN BEST-SELLING BOOKS FOR DECEMBER

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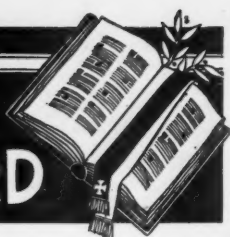
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THE WORD



Then, on a sudden, a multitude of the heavenly army appeared to them at the angel's side, giving praise to God, and saying: Glory to God in high heaven, and peace on earth to men that are God's friends (Luke 2:13-14; the Gospel of the Midnight Mass).

It has always been said, and truly, that Christmas is the feastday of children, of children of all ages. It might be added that Christmas is the festival of the plain man.

As far as any strictly human eye can see, the factors that finally count and produce in this world are three: money; a great name; and, more than all the rest, power. Tolerable health must be supposed, and pleasure can be fairly or unfairly bought. Money and a name pave the way to power, or at least influence, and power provides the ultimate intoxication. With power, a man's private will can be done on earth as if it were heaven.

Money, fame, power: these are precisely the glittering things that the average man does not possess. He earns a living, and he makes shift to pay his most urgent bills. His name is unknown outside his neighborhood and his office, and is reckoned for little there. Of influence he knows nothing.

And the overwhelming majority of men are average men. For this huge majority the world, if not positively hostile, is little amiable; for them life, if not a crucifixion, is not a holiday, either. It is no marvel that the plain man tends to grow weary and disheartened and, at worst, bitter.

Hence the plain man must heed and keep Christmas, most of all in his heart. Christmas is singularly his: his holiday, his holyday, the day on which, if his mind be Christian and clear, the average man comes into his own. He will not yet be special, but he ought to be content.

It is not as if Christmas (or anything else) brought to Everyman money and a name and influence. Not at all, of course. What Christmas does is give the lie to money and a name and influence. What Christmas says is that the human drama can be played out splendidly and

one in a million

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"IT IS A PITY that Professor Mills, who won disciples to some of the daring and preceptive theories of his earlier books (e.g., *The New Man of Power*, *White Collar*, *The Power Elite*) should be exercising an influence he earned during more responsible moments, to lead his followers into a policy of No-think on the subject of Castro's Cuba. *The Fair Play for Cuba Committee*, of which he is the principal energumen, is this season's re-enactment of the ad hoc committee defending the Moscow trials in the late thirties."

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with satisfaction and to a most happy end without any of the stage properties that the mundane script calls for.

The Bethlehem Child, resting on straw in a feed box for cattle, is manifestly poor. His parents—it sounds so strange to say it, but it is to be said—are nobodies. His name, when He shall receive it, is a Hebrew commonplace. As for influence, who is going to pay any attention, beyond that of a moment's pity, to a refugee baby?

It is true, of course, that the birth of this ordinary Child was accompanied and announced by a celestial demonstration that was anything but ordinary. Yet the angelic visitation was notably reserved. It was directed exclusively to a handful of exceedingly plain and ordinary men, night workers who were shabby, unlettered and engaged in an occupation that was quite without status. They alone were invited to the birthday of the carpenter's and God's little Son, and they were very happy at their privilege. *And the shepherds went home giving praise and glory to God, we read.*

We may be sure that the carpenter and his young wife were happy, too.

The fact is, the Nativity scene stands altogether bereft of everything that the secular world demands for happiness, and the lack seems not to be noticed at all.

The birth of our Lord does not change average men into special men, does not in the least make ordinary people extraordinary. What it ought to do is make common folk uncommonly content with their commonplace existence.

Life is full of inequities, disappointments, frustrations. Most of us, when all is said, will never amount to much. The mark we make in this world will not be much remarked. But it is so good, and our lives will be surprisingly rich, if we are simply content to be plain people, as Mary and Joseph and their Little One were plain people.

Glory to God in high heaven, then, and peace on earth to men that are God's friends. Ay, there is the point! To be wealthy and acclaimed and influential is to be nothing, unless the wealthy and acclaimed and influential are also *God's friends*.

Of course, it does not necessarily follow that plain and ordinary men are automatically *God's friends*. But let the plain folk who read these commonplace words, as well as the ordinary worker of them, cherish no deeper ambition. Let them—let us—kneel at the Christmas crib and beg that we may never be more or less than *men that are God's friends*.

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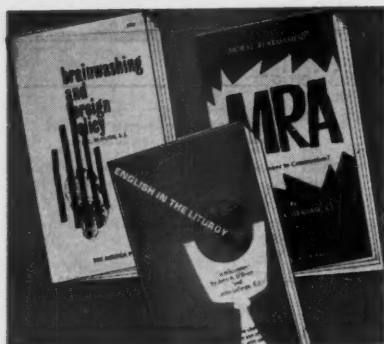
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